Prince. Come hither, *Francis.*

Francis. My Lord.

Prince. How long haſt thou to ſerve, *Francis* ?

Francis. Forſooth five yeeres, and as much as to——

Poynes. *Francis.*

Franis. Anon, anon, ſir.

Prince. Five yeares: berlady a long leaſe for the chincking of pewter: But *Francis*, dareſt thou be ſo valliant, as to play the coward with thy Indenture, and ſhew it a faire paire of heeles, and runne from it ?

Francis. O Lord ſir, i'le be ſworne upon all the Bookes in *England*, I could find in my heart.

Poynes. *Francis.* *Francis.* Anon ſir.

Prince. How old art thou, *Francis* ?

Francis. Let me ſee, about *Michaelmas* next I ſhall be——

Poynes. *Francis.*

Francis. Anon ſir, pray you ſtay a little, my Lord.

Prince. Nay, but harke you *Francis*, for the Sugar thou gaveſt me, 'twas but a penny worth, waſt not ?

Francis. O Lord, I would it had beene two.

Prince. I will give thee for it a thouſand pound, aske me when thou wilt, and thou ſhalt have it.

Poynes *Francis.* *Francis.* Anon, anon.

Prince. Anon *Francis* ? No *Francis*, but to morrow *Francis* or *Francis*, on Thurſeday: or indeed *Francis*, when thou wilt: But *Francis*.

Francis. My Lord.

Prince. Wilt thou rob this Leatherne Jerkin, Chriſtall button, Not-pated, Agat-ring, puke-ſtocking, Caddice-garter, Smooth-tongue, Spaniſh-pouch ?

Francis. O Lord ſir, who doe you meane ?

Prince. Why then your Browne-baſtard is your onely drinke: for looke you *Francis*: your white canvaſſe Doublet will ſulley. In *Barbary* ſir, it cannot come to ſo much.

Francis. What ſir; *Poynes.* *Francis.*

Prince. Away you rogue, doſt thou not heare them call ?

¶ *Heere they both call him, the Drawer ſtands amazed, not knowing which way to goe.* *Enter Vintner.*

Vint.